A POEM

On the DEATH of

Mr. Peter Molineux.

I.

DIGNUM laude virum Muſa vetat mori. Hor.

II.

Narrabat pueros longis rationibus aſſem
——centum diducere partibus.—— Hor.

III.

Quod mortale fuit, rapuit mors, fama vireſcit. Mart.

I.

MOURN all who do the Uſe of NUMBERS know,
All who admire the PEN, your Sorrow ſhow,
Pour out your Grief, let Streams of Sadneſs flow.
My Infant Muſe ſhall Warble out his Name,
Deſcribe his Genius, and advance his Fame.
If Knowledge, Judgment, Parts cou'd ſave
The brighteſt Genius from the ſilent Grave;
Had ſuch receiv'd a Patent to abide,
Secure from Change, MOLINEUX ne'er had dy'd:
He'd been preſerv'd from Fates Tyrannick Sway,
But all muſt Death's reſiſtleſs Arms Obey.

II.

MERCHANT'S ACCOMPTS, his Scholars taught ſo well,
That in that Branch, the World he did excell.
In ARITHMETICK the moſt Expert was He,
Though we ſearch Ancient *Rome* and *Italy*.

He

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He wou'd in that Sublime Myſterious Art,
Reduce a Sum to the MINUTEST Part.
The moſt Abſtruſe Accompts, he'd Ballance right,
By his skill'd Hand, and penetrating Sight.
The Fam'd *Italians*, did they but *S*urvey
MERCHANTS ACCOMPTS in his Compendious Way,
Doubtleſs themſelves by much Outdone they'd own,
By the Great, the Learned MOLINEUX alone.
ALGEBRA, FRACTIONS, and GEOMETRY,
NAVIGATION, and ASTRONOMY:
So well he Taught, it's Difficult to ſay,
In which of theſe his chiefeſt Talent lay.
From Trade the Source of Wealth and Plenty flow;
On CIPH'RING therefore juſtly Praiſe beſtow,
To which our Management of Trade we owe.
By which kind Art, it may be truly ſaid,
Our Stately *London* rears its Tow'ring Head.

III.

He is not Dead, the ſacred Nine deny,
The Soul that Merits Fame ſhou'd ever dye.
His Friends no Monuments they need to raiſe,
His Name alone will Celebrate his Praiſe.
He knew the Motions of the Starry Sky,
More than fam'd *Archimede*, or *Ptolomy*.
His Skill in Foreign Languages was ſuch,
That like a Native, he pronoune'd the *Dutch*:
The *Germans* in that Tongue, they ſcarce cou'd know,
But his Extraction to that Place did owe.

The Town a greater Loſs cou'd ſcarce ſuſtain,
Since none to Teach ARITHMETICK remain.
The beſt ARITHMETICIAN being Dead,
Th' Expiring Science hangs its drooping Head.

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